

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 10.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1804.

[Whole No. 114.]

SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY;

OR, THE

FORTUNATE MOMENT.

POETS and Philosophers have universally agreed, that the country is the native soil of happiness, as being the scene and nurse of innocence. But this truth has been oftener pronounced as a mere *ipse dixit*, arising from choice or opinion, than as a demonstrable problem, proceeding from natural causes, which necessarily produce their effect.

Happiness and virtue are twins, which can never be divided; they are born and flourish, or sicken and die together. They are the joint offspring of good sense and innocence, and while they continue under the guidance of such parents, they are invulnerable to injury, and incapable of decay.

This allegory can scarcely want explanation, even to the simplest mind; for every one will readily admit that good sense will be less sophisticated in the calmness of rural retirement, than amidst the noise and bustle of a city, where every sober thought is hurried away by the torrent of fashion, and swallowed up in the whirlpool of giddiness and dissipation. Nor can it admit of a doubt, but that innocence will be more

likely to preserve its purity, where it is least liable to temptation. But if this does not sufficiently demonstrate the proposition, the following Tale may serve more fully to illustrate it. For as theory without experiment is intitled to no credit in philosophy, so is precept without example of as little avail in morals.

Sir William Sidney had been married about three years to one of the most lovely and amiable women that this country or any other ever produced. They had long been the objects of each other's choice, and, when united, were either the delight or envy of all who knew them.

About this era an unjust attack upon a very considerable part of his estate, obliged him to defend his property by law; and he was of course under a necessity of going to London to solicit his suit. It was impossible he could think of being separated from his beloved Julia; she could as ill support his absence; they, therefore, mutually agreed to quit their peaceful retirement together, and take a house in town till their affairs were finally adjusted. She brought two lovely infants with her, determined that the care of their health and education should be the principal object of her attention, and their innocent blandishments the chief source of her amusement, during this excursion.

At their first coming to town, Sir William was obliged to pass much of his time with his lawyers, but always returned with a delighted heart and cheerful countenance to the happiness that awaited him in the society of an elegant and fond wife and his beautiful children.

In the course of his business, he became acquainted with an agreeable young barrister of the name of Wilson, who was reckoned a man of parts, and uncommonly eminent in his profession; he had a pleasing person and engaging address, with an appearance and countenance calculated to inspire confidence, even upon a slight acquaintance.

Under this fascinating masque this wretch concealed one of the vilest hearts that ever yet disgraced human nature. Upon his first introduction to Lady Sidney, he formed a plan for her seduction; but when, upon a more intimate acquaintance, he found her virtue guarded by the tenderest attachment to her husband, he changed his battery, and resolved to complete the ruin of this happy pair, by detaching Sir William's affections from his amiable wife.

He began by expressing his astonishment to Sir William at their mutual fondness, upon hearing they had been married near four years, talked of the charms of variety, and of the misery of confining affection to a particular

object. Sir William seemed at first rather disgusted at this common-place conversation; but as constant dropping wears the marble, this kind of discourse, aided by wit and raillery, at length produced its effect so far as to make Sir William cautious of expressing his tenderness for his wife or children before Mr. Wilson.

Lovers have Lynxes eyes, and even this little change in the husband's manners quickly alarmed the anxious heart of Julia. Unused to disguise a thought from him, she expressed her apprehension of having unwittingly offended; but Sir William quickly removed her delicate fears, by the tenderest assurances of his love and constancy; but observed, that it was unfashionable in London to show the same degree of fondness and attention towards each other, which they had been used to indulge in the country.—“Then, would to Heaven (said Julia, smiling through her tears) that I had never quitted it.” He kissed away the pearly drops that glistened in her eyes, and Lady Sidney's happiness and confidence returned.

Though Wilson had been originally possessed of a sufficient patrimony, which was rendered more affluent from his profession, he was at this crisis become necessitous to the last degree.—His extravagance had long since dissipated the first, nor could the latter support his debauched manner of living. Upon various pretences of unexpected calls for his clients, he had frequently borrowed pretty large sums from Sir William, though he was convinced that he would lose his suit, and of course be under a necessity of requiring immediate repayment.

This, however, did not deter him from proceeding in his base design; he thought he had already gained some ground in his pursuit, and he resolved to hurry his victim on even to the gulph of misery. One morning that Wilson had invited Sir William to breakfast with him at his chambers, he was surprised, on his entrance, with seeing the most beautiful woman he had ever beheld, with some parchments in her hands, sitting by Wilson; she was dressed in weeds, and did not appear to be above eighteen years old.—Sir William would have retired immediately, but Wilson, with an unembarr-

assed air, begged him to walk in, saying, he could make free with Mrs. Herbert, as she was both his cousin and his client, and hoped the Baronet was not so strait-laced as to fly from a pretty woman, though Lady Sidney was not of the party.

The freedom of this address excited Sir William's gallantry towards the lady, who received it with the ease and politeness of a woman who had lived in the world; and the conversation became so interesting, that the clock struck three before any of the party thought of separating.

On Sir William's return home, his thoughts were entirely taken up by the beauty and vivacity of the young widow. Lady Sidney was near lying-in, and happened on that day to be confined to her chamber; so he had nothing to interrupt his reverie, and continued to indulge it, till he was roused from it by Wilson calling upon him, about seven in the evening. Their conversation immediately turned upon Mrs. Herbert, whom Wilson said he had dined with, and that she had never ceased talking of the happiness Lady Sidney must possess in being blessed with such a husband:—“For, added he, I have been describing you as a paragon of conjugal constancy.”

Where is the mortal proof against flattery! The unhappy Sidney became its victim, even whilst it was undermining the virtue which it seemed to praise.

During the time of Lady Sidney's confinement, Wilson took particular care that Sir William should not waste his days in solitude; he contrived perpetual parties of pleasure, so artfully, as almost to make them appear the effect of accident; lest Sir William's remaining tenderness should have been alarmed at a continued scene of dissipation, and negligence towards his wife. In all these interviews, the lovely, lively widow Herbert was the principal object; and in order to apologize to Sir William for her uncharacteristic vivacity, she forged a tale of having been compelled to marry an old wretch, who used her ill when living, and dying left her poor. This last circumstance excited the generosity of her lover, as he was now become; he gave with profusion, and she accepted with avidity,

till his circumstances became shortly so much distressed, that he was obliged to make a reform in his family, by reducing the number of his domestics, and laying down his coach.

The neglected and unhappy Lady Sidney languished away her hours in useless regret for the absence of her husband; he seldom saw her; he was out early, and came home late; and even in those moments when she would request to see him, even at the hazard of her rest, his short stay was marked by impatience, and his enquiries after her health expressed in such a manner, as if he seemed not to desire an answer.

Too quickly she perceived the loss of her happiness in that of his love, yet did she never once attempt to make him wretched, by lamenting her sufferings, or upbraiding his unkindness.—“Sir William's heart is good and generous, (would she often say to herself;) and though, by fascination, for it must be such, estranged for the present from me and my children, nature will yet recover its rights, and his affections will return to us, perhaps endeared by their temporary intermission.”

Notwithstanding the sense, virtue, and resolution of her conduct, grief preyed upon her tender frame, and she fell into a consumption, which it was supposed would terminate her life in a few months. Sir William was not so totally lost to the feelings of humanity, as not to be affected at seeing her decline; he wished to behave with kindness towards her; but whenever he beheld her, his conscience smote him, as the cause of her sufferings, and he endeavored to fly from her and himself into the arms of dissipation and vice. His concern for Julia was absorbed by Mrs. Herbert's gaiety; and the distress of his circumstances received temporary relief by Wilson's fertility in expedients. The loss of his law-suit, however, putting an end to the latter, he was besieged by his creditors, and their clamours rendered his home as uneasy to him, as it had before become unpleasing.

The tender, the neglected Lady Sidney saw and pitied his distress, and with a firmness which virtue alone can bestow, proposed to him what he wanted courage to require from her, the selling of her jointure, in order to accom-

moderate his difficulties. She assured him she felt infallible signs of her approaching dissolution, and that therefore she should not need the generous provision he had made for her; but that if any thing could restore her health, it would be the transport she should feel at having it in her power to contribute to his happiness.

Sir William could not support such unmerited goodness; he threw himself at her feet, declared himself unworthy of her tenderness, and promised that his future life should atone for his past errors. She flew into his arms; he pressed her to his heart, embraced his children, and once more experienced the sincere delight of an husband and a father.

The only difficulty now remaining was to break with the still charming Mrs. Herbert. He was resolved to part from her, but that separation should be gentle. Little did he know that Mrs. Herbert's thorough knowledge of his distressed circumstances had rendered him perfectly indifferent to her, and that she heartily wished for an opportunity to get rid of the engagement, without any seeming rupture on her part.

Fortune, at that instant, played one of her extraordinary gambols, and introduced a young man just arrived from India, to the acquaintance of Mrs. Herbert. In the course of their conversation he told her, that a gentleman had died in the ship that brought him over, who was supposed to be worth about a million of rupees, and that he had left his whole fortune to a niece of his, who was called Lady Sidney. This intelligence instantly changed Mrs. Herbert's sentiments towards Sir William, and attached her more strongly to him than ever; she was therefore greatly afflicted, when he, with faltering tongue and downcast eyes, informed her, that he was come to take an everlasting leave of her.

She burst into tears, threw herself at his feet, commended his virtue, lamented the tenderness of her attachment to him, which could end but with her life; and begged, that in order to soothe her scruples, and prove that he had really loved her, he would consent to sign a promise, that if it should ever be in his power to marry her, he would do so, un-

der a penalty of ten thousand pounds. He was at first startled at the proposal, but he still loved her, and would at that moment have fulfilled the promise she exacted, had it been in his power. Her tears and blandishments prevailed, and the too infatuated baronet signed the article, which Wilson had prepared.

Her point so far gained, this artful woman and her vile accomplice, Wilson, were impatient for the total accomplishment of their designs, by hastening Lady Sidney's death. They provided a poisonous drug for her, which Wilson undertook to persuade Sir William was almost a panacea in consumptions, and begged of him to prevail upon his wife to take it. The unsuspecting husband fell into the snare, and the drug was accordingly prepared for the innocent Julia.

But Providence would not suffer their wicked designs to succeed. Mrs. Herbert's maid had overheard the infernal accomplices discoursing of the deed, and seen them mix the deadly potion; and being struck with remorse, flew to Sir William Sidney's house and revealed the dreadful secret to Lady Sidney's woman. The faithful creature trembled at the horrid tale, and when her lady called for the supposed medicine, refused to deliver it into her hands, and acquainted her with what she had just heard.

The terrified Julia too easily conceived that her husband must necessarily be an accomplice in this crime, else wherefore should Mrs. Herbert or Wilson wish her death? "If it be so, (said she to her maid) Maria, I have no wish to live, and will obey my fate. The bane of life is an antidote to all its ills; and, Oh, I charge you, by all you hold most sacred, never to reveal this fatal secret, nor let my cruel husband suffer for his crimes to me, more than his conscience shall inflict upon him. Now, bring my children to me; let me embrace and clasp them to my dying bosom, and recommend them with my parting breath to the protecting care of Heaven. Alas! they will soon have no earthly friend; they have no father! or sure he would not wish to rob them of a mother's fostering care.

The painful parting with her children past, she forced the poison from her weeping maid, and raising up her eyes to Heaven, implored forgiveness for her

cruel husband, and blessings on her children; then bent her lips to meet the fatal draught, which she was sure would give her endless peace.

At that instant Sir William, pale, frantic, and almost breathless, rushed into the chamber; he snatched the envenomed drug from her weak hand, and dashed it to the ground. Oh, have I saved you!" he exclaimed, and sunk upon the bed beside her.

When his returning sense would give him leave, he prostrated himself upon the earth, and returned thanks to Heaven, for having been the instrument of his beloved wife's preservation.

Returning home he had met Mrs. Herbert's maid, who had acquainted him with the horrid particulars already related, and he had flown to save his Julia. When reconciled to her, his next emotion was that of just resentment. He sent for an officer of justice to seize Mrs. Herbert and Wilson, but their guilty souls had taken the alarm at her maid's long absence, and they were both fled. Wilson was some years after broke upon the wheel for a murder at Paris, and his fair, but wicked associate died at a premature old age of want and misery.

Sir William, now entirely cured of his delirium, after receiving his Indian legacy, and settling his affairs, returned with his amiable wife into the country, where peace and affluence soon restored her health; and where they still continue, in the midst of their lovely family, living proofs of the maxim first laid down, "That the country is the native soil of happiness, as being the scene and nurse of innocence."

THE FORCE OF HATRED.

[The following is given as authentic in a late English publication, and exhibits a sad lesson of human depravity.]

AN elderly gentleman was cast away upon the Western part of England. The people gathered about him, and pointed out a respectable house in the neighborhood, where he was likely to be well received. He rejoiced to find, that it was inhabited by an old

school-fellow, whom he had never seen since they were boys together. His joy, however, was damped, by finding him a martyr to the gout—yet, long as he had suffered under the pangs inflicted by that tyrant, he seemed revived at the sight of an early friend, and his spirits seemed to be renewed by the unlooked-for accident. After our traveller had refreshed himself, he was shown by the servant-maid to the chamber she had prepared for him, and left to his repose. This girl was the only domestic of our old gentleman. In the night, the traveller was murdered. The trial was to ascertain by whom. The master of the house represented himself as unable to stir hand or foot—for a long time he had not moved out of his apartment. The girl, when interrogated, gave her answers and protestations in a manner so candid and convincing, that every opinion absolved her. In this situation, the counsel for the prosecution said he had one question more to ask the servant-maid, which he handed to the prisoner's counsel, "If you put this question (said the latter) I sling up my brief." Every consideration naturally enforced the question—it was, "Did you in the night hear a door open?" The answer was, "I did." "What door?" "My master's." The old gentleman, upon this, begged that he might confess his crime, and make the only atonement in his power. What he said was to this effect:

"We were of the same standing, in the same school, and the sons of gentlemen. Two boys on the foundation, with no other dependence, had robbed an orchard. The deceased proposed that we, as able to bear the obloquy, should father the offence. We did so, and were expelled. The shame of expulsion produced hate towards him who recommended the act which had produced it. We were sundered in the business of life. I knew not, till he sought my house, that he existed. At the sight of him, I felt a flush of triumph springing in my cheeks—to him it no doubt seemed the joy to behold him—it was the joy to behold him my victim. Hatred invigorated my limbs; decrepitude yielded to the demand of vengeance: in the middle of a sleepless night, I crawled on my hands and knees to his chamber door: with a palpitating heart I listened to his breathing, to be assured he was asleep; and with a razor, he had borrowed of me, I cut his throat from

ear to ear—I then dropt back to my chamber with horrible satisfaction."

It is only necessary to add, that, upon this confession, the offender was executed. To apply the story, and illustrate our subject, may be the trouble, for it cannot be the amusement of the reader. Of its truth there cannot be the slightest question.

ON GOOD HUMOR.

HUMAN nature ever was, and ever will be the same: it only takes different methods of displaying itself, according to the genius of the people. Thus a nymph of the Hottentots, who breaks the gristle of her child's nose, and anoints it with grease and soot, is equally as well pleased with the contrivance to increase what they think beauty, as our delicate dames are when they spoil their own and their children's complexion by washes and paints.

Fancy and imitation are the guides of taste: why then may not the tawny mother admire her sooty son, and bless his goggling eyes, his blubber lips, his woolly head, and delicate complexion? Why not laugh as heartily at our want of discernment as we do at their's? The reason is every whit as obvious to them on their side the question, as it is to us on our's—Black teeth, and very long nails, are the greatest ornament of the Siamese. Painted bodies, and jewels dangling from their lips and noses is the fine taste of the American Indians.

"Oh odious creature!—Ridiculous taste!" says a city belle. And why so, my pert misses? Had it been your fate to have been born even in this polite country some thousand years sooner, you might have been as great adepts in plaistering your bodies, as you are now at daubing your faces. But, to be serious: say my pretty fair one, would you wish to please? Would you have your lover adore you? Nay, what is of far greater consequence than either, would you wish to be happy? "Yes." Then study to make every person around you so. You will find far more satisfaction in giving pleasure to another than in receiving it yourself. There is a kind of benignity in conveying happiness to another which only experience can give you any idea of. Your own felicity depends in a great measure upon the exertion of this principle.

Flavia was left to the care of her own fortune at the age of seventeen: her mother knowing her innate virtue and solid principles, thought those her properest guardians. She thought right. Flavia's beauty and fortune, which were both considerable, drew crowds of flattering fops and fortune-hunting rakes to her shrine. The rakes imagined so much youth and innocence could never resist their refined arts; the beaux depended upon the striking charms of their powdered paper skulls. Had Flavia been so disposed, here was an ample field before her, in which she might have fully indulged the vanity of her age and sex, and coquetted away at once both her innocence and happiness. She, however, gave all these their answers as fast as they came, but with so much sweetness and sensibility, that she awed the rakes, and delighted the fools.

She was in her twentieth year when first young Lovemore paid his addresses to her. The youth was of a different complexion from any of her former humble servants; he loved her heartily for her beauty, but he loved her more for her good humor and good sense. He saw how completely happy the man must be who gained so rich a prize; and the bare thought of the possibility of losing her gave him more real uneasiness, while it lasted, than it is in the power of beauty alone to create. She perceived his merit, and observed how respectfully he admired her.

As it was contrary to the goodness of her heart to keep any one in suspense she was no sooner assured of the equity of his intentions, than she made him both easy and happy by giving her hand where her heart dictated. Those maxims which preserved her in her youth, continued and increased her happiness in an advanced age.

Every one that knows her admires her; and blessings flow from every tongue on the head of the good, the benevolent Flavia.

ANECDOTE.

THE bankruptcy of a man, who had written a dictionary, was lately announced in the Nuremberg Gazette, in these words:—"Frederick Lym, Dealer in words." The dividend very probably will be one syllable.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF THE
BANIAN HOSPITALS.

THE Banians, a people subject to the Mogul, and inhabitants of the province of Guzurat, in India, support at Surat, a Hospital for cows, horses, goats, and other animals that are sick, lame, or too old for service. They believe in the *metempsychosis*, or transmigration of souls; and as every one imagines he sees his parent in a dog or a horse, it is that which renders them so charitable to animals. Thus when a man can no longer derive any service from his cow or his ox, and in order to spare the expense of feeding it, and to feed himself with its flesh, he is about to take away its life, it is not difficult to find some pious Banian, who will buy the animal, sometimes at a high price, and endow a bed for it in this hospital, where it is well attended, and well treated during the natural term of its life.

They have also founded, in the same city, a hospital for fleas, lice, bugs, and all the other species of animals which are nourished by the blood of man. To regale them from time to time, and give them the nourishment which allures them, a beggar is hired to pass a night upon a bed in this hospital, but in the fear that he will disturb their repast, by removing them with his hands, or that pain will oblige him to retire before the animals are satiated, they have the precaution to secure him in such a manner, that nothing can trouble them in their festival.

The Banians dare not light a fire or a candle in the night, lest the flies or other winged insects should fly into it and be burned. They dare not even empty stale water upon the ground, for fear of annoying the fleas and other little animals it might encounter. Some cover their mouth with a thin cloth, to prevent flies from getting in; others carry a small broom in their hand, to sweep the chamber, or brush the seats, lest in walking, or in seating themselves, they should unhappily crush some of these little insects.

Propositions and Solutions; translated
from Quevedo.

1. TO oblige all handsome women to follow, if you are a man, and the rich gallants, if you are a woman, Be sure always to keep behind them when they are going.

2. To be sure of a good reception wherever you go! and it is infallible.

Give something in every place, and you will find so good a reception, that you will have cause to repent.

3. To make the woman you love run after you wherever you go, though you have never seen her but once in your life,

Steal what she has, and she will pursue you to the end of the world.

4. That men and women may grant all you ask of them,

Desire the women to take all you have, and the men to give you nothing, and they will all grant it.

5. To be rich,

If you have money keep it; and if you have not, do not covet it, and you will be rich enough.

6. To come at any woman without ever failing,

If she walks, put on; if she puts on, run; if she runs, fly; and you'll soon come at her.

7. That the cloaths you have may never wear out,

Tear them to rags yourself, and they will not wear out.

8. That you may never grow grey nor old,

Die when you are young.

9. To prevent taylors stealing your cloth,

Let them make no clothes for you.—
This is the only remedy.

10. To be in great esteem,

Get much money, live luxuriously, and treat all that come near you.

11. To prevent growing old,

Keep always in the sun in summer, and in the wet in winter, never giving yourself rest: fret at every thing that happens; eat your meat cold, and drink water.

12. That you may be successful in all law suits,

Never pay your counsellor, nor your solicitor, nor any fees of court, for all that money is certainly lost, and it is a daily charge upon you, and if you gain your cause, and pay them, still your money is gone; and if you are cast, still worse. And take notice, that before you go to law, the controversy is, whe-

ther the money is yours or another's; but when the suit is once begun, the contrivance is, that it be neither yours nor the other's, but theirs who pretend to defend you both.

13. That you may never lie long sick.

Send for your physician when you are well, and give him money, because you are not sick,—for if you give it him when you are ill, how can you expect that he should give you health, which he gets nothing by, and remove the distemper, which he lives by.

DIVERSITY.

IN a collection of law reports, there is a case of a suit for an estate between two parties whose names seem singularly adapted to their situations. *Good-tittle* claimant, against *Mr. Holdfast* in possession.—This case, at the present period, seems to have in common with *Bourbon* versus *Bonaparte*.

PRAY, Sir, how much wine can you drink at a sitting and not endanger your health?

With segars and a good song occasionally, I think I can put three or four bottles under my jacket in an afternoon and evening, and retire with decency.

Then I presume, Sir, you are seldom mortified by the necessity of declining a sitting party because you can't drink.

O never; I have an excellent strong head, wine affects me no more than a cup of green tea does a lady. Indeed very much the same;—it makes me a little gay and loquacious.

Strange perversion of reason! strange idea of glory, that a man should vaunt a real degradation of his nature! Is physical insensibility an honor? Is it a real cause of satisfaction, that by force of pernicious habit the principle of life is so far extinguished, that the highest stimulants produce no derangement of the system?

AN old gentleman at the point of death, called a faithful Negro to him, telling him he would do him an

honor before he died. The fellow thanked him, and hoped Massa would live long. I intend, Cato, said the master, to allow you to be buried in the family vault. Ah, massa, returns Cato, me no like dat, ten pound would be better to Cato, he no care where he be burried; besides, massa, suppose we be buried togeder, and de Devil come looking for massa in de dark, he might take away your negar man in mistake.

MATRIMONY.

WHEN kind tumult seize the veins
and all the yielding soul is love,
let the aspiring youth beware of making
promises.

If a smiling season and the glowing
cheek of beauty have exposed your
heart to the arrows of love, make a
truce with Cupid, until you experience
the effect of December's chill frosts up-
on the ardor of your passion.

Spring love often freezes in the win-
ter; and love once congealed, seldom
pursues its old channel again.

Early marriages are a public blessing;
but unhappy matches a private curse.
A man in love is always generous, and
a generous person never thinks him-
self poor.

A young man is too poor to marry
until he has the certain means of ear-
ning, at least, three times as much in
a year as he expends when single.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, December 8, 1804.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths
of 44 persons during the week ending on
Saturday last.

OF CONSUMPTION 6—abscess of
the kidneys 1—apoplexy 1—casualty
(a child about 3 years old burnt by spi-
rits of turpentine)—childbed 1—cold 1—
convulsions 3—debility 1—dropsy 2—

nervous fever 1—typhus fever 1—flux 3
hemorrhage 1—hives 2—inflammation
of the brain 1—liver complaint 2—ner-
vous affection 1—old age 2—still born 1
—suicide by arsenic 1—worms 3—and
EIGHT are added to the melancholy list
of those who, notwithstanding the estab-
lishment of the Kine Pock institution
in this city, have been permitted to die
of the **SMALL POX!!!**

Of the whole number 8 were of and un-
der the age of 1 year—3 between the
age of 1 and 2—7 between 2 and 5—4
between 10 and 20—7 between 20 and
30—2 between 30 and 40—7 between
40 and 50—1 between 50 and 60—2 be-
tween 60 and 70—and 3 between 70
and 80.

Of the above 11 were men—14 wo-
men—11 boys—and 8 girls.

The Corporation of this city have ap-
pointed Thursday, the 20th December,
as a Day of PRAYER and THANKS-
GIVING.

ACCIDENT.

As two young men from Flatbush
were on a fowling party in the Bay, on
Thursday, in handing a gun from one
to the other, it accidentally went off, and
wounded one of them dangerously in the
shoulder.

JEROME BONAPARTE.—Ac-
counts from Richmond state, that Je-
rome Bonaparte and lady arrived in that
city on the 30th ult. from Norfolk —
They had taken their passage for France,
in the French frigate President, of 44
guns, and were pursuing their voyage;
but M. Bonaparte being taken extreme-
ly ill soon after they had got to sea, the
frigate returned and landed Jerome and
his lady at Norfolk.

The Philadelphia Theatre opened on
Monday evening last, with John Bull
and Love a la Mode.

The Charleston Theatre opened on
Monday the 12th ult. with Otway's

tragedy of Venice Preserved. Jaffier,
Hodgkinson; Pierre, Barret, and Bel-
videra, Mrs. Barret.

Captain Deakins, arrived at Norfolk,
in 43 days from Lisbon, reports that on
account of the Plague raging at Malaga,
the inhabitants intended setting fire to
the town.

In addition to the damages done by
the Earthquake at Lisbon, as stated in
the Norfolk Herald, the Public Ledger
adds, "that the Salt Springs had chan-
ged to fresh water."

COMMUNICATION.

Citizens be vigilant! and keep a good
look out.—An attempt was made, by
some incendiary, in the evening of the
4th inst. between the hours of 10 and
11, to set fire to a dwelling house No.
55 Roosevelt-street, belonging to the
estate of Nicholas Fletcher, deceased —
A woman living in the house, hear-
ing some persons in the yard at the
time above mentioned, went herself
into the yard, where she discovered two
lads nearly men grown, who on seeing
her immediately went out at the alley
gate—she heard one of them distinctly
say, "This house will be down and
the next also before morning," at which
she was alarmed, and immediately pro-
cured a candle and searched the yard,
and found a quantity of live coals in the
privy house, which in all probability
would have kindled in a very short
time. [D. Adv.]



MARRIED,

On Sunday evening last, Mr. John
Oakley, merchant, to Miss Hannah Mead,
both of this City.

On Sunday evening last, at Barbadoes-Neck, Mr. John C. Watson, of this city, to Miss Jane Bogert, daughter of Jasper Bogert, esq. of Peramus N. J.

On Sunday evening, last, Mr. James Campbell, to Miss Sarah Wood, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, Mr. William H. Jephson, to Miss Maria Farquhar, daughter of Mr. James Farquhar of this city.

On Thursday evening, Mr. Thomas Greene, to Miss Eley Allison, both of this city.



DIED,

On Wednesday evening 28 ult. Mrs. Mary Ivers.

On Saturday evening the 1st. inst. at Newtown, L. I. Mr. William Dean, formerly of this city.

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Catherine Wilson, consort of capt. John Wilson.

On Wednesday morning by the bursting of a blood vessel, Mr. Abraham Freelon, fan-light maker, of this city.

THEATRE.

On MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 11th,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

THE FIRST PART OF

HENRY the IVth.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

A PANTOMIME, in two Acts, called,

BLACK BEARD;

OR, THE OUTLAW'D PIRATES.

NEW

Christmas Pieces,

For Sale at this Office.

WANTED,

An APPRENTICE to the Carving and Gilding Business.—Apply to

JOHN LEMAIRE,

No. 40, Barclay-street.

JUST PUBLISHED,

By Ming and Young, and to be had of Gaine and Ten Eyck, 148, Pearl-Street, and of most other Book-sellers in this city.

GAINES'S

NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC,

Containing in addition to its usual information,

A LIST

Of the Military Officers of the city and county of New-York, with their grades in the respective Regiments. Price 25 cents.

FANCY BASKETS AND WOOD-EN WARE.

JAMES THORBURN, No. 26, Maiden-Lane, corner of Green-Street, returns thanks to his friends and the public for past favors, and flatters himself that by an assiduous attention in the line of his business, he will continue to experience their patronage.

He begs leave to inform them that in addition to his former stock, he has received per the Magnet, and other arrivals from Amsterdam, a very handsome assortment of FANCY BASKETS, &c. viz.

Clothes Baskets, of different sizes. Handsome toilet Baskets. Wine-Glass Baskets, round and oval, large and small. Market Baskets. Ladies' fine Knitting Baskets, of different sizes. Childrens Baskets, different patterns. Counter Baskets. Tumbler Baskets, different sizes. Handsome Plate and Cake Baskets.—Quadrille Boxes, &c. &c.

East-India and Holland Table-matts. Together with a large assortment of Tubs, Iron and Wooden bound. Pails, Brags, Iron and Wooden bound. Coalers, Striped, Painted and Plain. Lignumvita Pestles and Mortars. Rolling Pins. Also Common Baskets, different kinds.

W. S. TURNER,

Inform his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street to No. 15, PARK, near the Theatre; where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.—His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.—In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are removed fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER may likewise be had at G. & R. Wain's store, No. 61, Maiden-lane.

BURTUS & CRANE,

BOOK-BINDERS, BOOKSELLERS, AND STATIONERS,

No. 80, CHERRY-STREET, one Door West of New-Slip,

HAVE constantly on hand, and for sale on reasonable terms, a general assortment of BOOKS and STATIONARY—Also, BLANK BOOKS, of various descriptions.

N. B. Merchant's Account Books Ruled and Bound to any pattern, at the shortest notice.

LOTTERY TICKETS,

In Whole, Halves, Quarters, or Eighths, in Lottery No. III, for the Encouragement of Literature.—

A Correct Numerical Book kept.—TICKETS, REGISTERED and EXAMINED as above.

TO THE LADIES.

A soft clear and delicate Skin.

THE proprietors of the celebrated Italian Lily Lotion, take this method of informing the ladies, and the fashionable world, that they have just received a fresh supply of that valuable article, which is held in such high estimation by ladies of the first rank in Europe and America, for its superior qualities in cleansing, clearing, and softening the skin, as well as freeing it from those cutaneous eruptions incident to many complexions, and so detrimental to female beauty.

The Lily Lotion is peculiarly pleasant in its operation—it washes the skin, perfectly clean, an agreeable softness immediately succeeds its use, and the skin is also sweetened and refreshed, while the whole complexion assumes an enlivened appearance.

The proprietors of this incomparable article think it a duty incumbent on them, to apologize for the length of time they have disappointed their fair friends in not having a sufficient supply to satisfy the very great demand.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

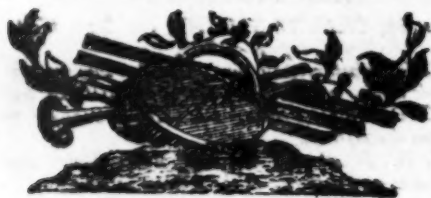
"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sores, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine he pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE,

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."

Price One Dollar.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 109 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's. Medicine Warehouse No. 20, Bowery-lane.



[FOR THE VISITOR.]

STANZA,
WRITTEN ON THE
DEATH OF GEN. HAMILTON,
BY MRS. JACKSON.

WHEN great men bow to heaven's supreme decree,
All nature mourns their loss on suppliant knee:
Great Hamilton is gone, with radiance crown'd;
No more shall Hamilton our laws expound.
He's gone, farewell! his busy task is done,
Tho' short, a well-spent life, the prize has won;
O'er his last failing let a veil be thrown,
Wrong is common, and to err our own:
Repentance claims forgiveness from above,
Example given of charity and love.
When gen'rous actions fill the human soul,
Shall one ill-judg'd condemn and spoil the whole,
Forbid it heaven! let the impatient Muse,
To sing his worth, her noblest measures choose;
And tell th' ungrateful world they'll seldom find
In man a Hamilton's exalted mind.

[From a London Paper.]

LINES

Written on seeing that Theatrical Phenomenon, called Young Roscius (a boy, twelve years old) at the Birmingham Theatre, in the characters of Young Norval, Rollo, Hamlet and Richard the Third,

BY MR. WESTON.

NATURE, one day, with Art her Notes comparing;

"I cannot bear (said she) your Vaunt of sharing.
"My sole Creation! If I grant that Kemble
"May, of us twain, yourself the most resemble—
"And that, though I bestow'd the Shape and Face,
"You added Action, Energy and Grace—
"What then? Exclusively is Cooke my own;
"Of Thee regardless I say, to Thee unknown!"

"Marry, come up! (quoth Art,) since thus you flout me,

"And boast that you can do your work without me,

"Try! Make one man (depriv'd of my assistance)
"A perfect Play'r—and I will keep my distance!"

"A man! (Dame Nature, in a rage replied)
"A Child—a very Child shall crush thy pride."

True to her word, she stamp'd her Infant son.
The faithful Miniature of Roscius gone—
Cooke, Kemble, Holman, Garrick—all is one!

VIRTUE.

HAIL radiant virtue! friend of human kind,
Bright emanation of the Eternal mind,
To thee we owe what'er becomes us best;
Meekness in pain, and calmness when oppress'd,
Courage to brave whatever ill assail;
And patience when the worst of all prevail;
Come Virtue! then, thou dear ethereal guest,
Check me when wrong, and sooth me when distress,
Each idle passion in its birth controul,
And fling thy glowing radiance o'er my soul.

EXTRACT

From a Poetical Address, to a young Lady.

BY DR. MAYOR.

FIX'D be thy mind, those pleasures to pursue,
That reason points as permanent and true:
Think, not that bliss alone pervades a throng,
Whirl'd by a tide of idle forms along:
Think not alone she dwells with pomp and state,
Or smoothes the bosoms of the rich and great;
Think not to meet her at the ball, the play,
Where flirt the frolicsome, and haunt the gay;
Think not she flutters on the public walk;
Or prompts the tongue that pours incessant talk;
Or loves the breath of compliment to feel,
Or stamps on crowns her estimable seal.

True female pleasure, of more modest kind,
Springs from the heart, and lives within the mind;
From noisy mirth and fashion's rout she flies,
Loves home delights, in tender duties lies.

As fades the flower, uprear'd with watchful care,
When left expos'd to storms and chilling air;
So fades the Fair, in Reason's sober eye,
That braves the crowd, nor heeds the danger nigh;
Who giddy roves with Folly's motley queen,
Nor loves the transports of a life serene!

TO BLISS.

FROM off that delicate fair cheek,
Oh Maid, too fair, I did but seek
To steal a kiss, and lo! your face,
With anger or with shame it glows;
What have I done, my gentle Grace,
But change a lily to a rose?

N. SMITH,



Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning gray; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot on roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip-Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, for superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encouragement of his employers to him in the line of his business, and assures them that he will to the utmost of his ability continue to instil in the minds of his Pupils, with energy every part of instruction, which may have a tendency to promote their present and future usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he purposes opening an evening School on the first evening of October next. And conscious of having reciprocally discharged his duty to those committed to his care, in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict decorum, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of further liberal encouragement in the line of his business. He continues as usual to give lessons to Ladies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particularly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months. Or can materially improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deaths, Mortgages, Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

W. D. LEEELL.

New-York, No. 17, Banker-street,

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